



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

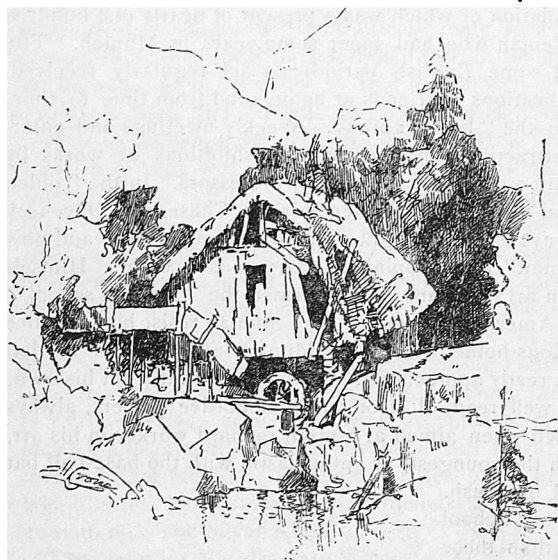
We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

memories of that festival are forever marred by the cruel fate of nine young German students of the Academy, who were burned to death in their Esquimaux costumes. The fact that no American was injured was at once "cabled" to America at the instance of the club, thereby relieving many an anxious parent's heart at home.

With its existence becoming more generally known, the club received some attentions from afar, and soon had various opportunities of increasing its usefulness,



SKETCH BY S. H. CRONE.

(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

as, for instance, in assisting the Pennsylvania Academy in forming its special exhibition in the fall of 1881. Later a petition to our government was drawn up and caused to be signed by American artists residing in the various art centres of Europe, praying for certain alleviations and some alterations in the tariff laws, both, however, without the desired effect, though in one instance relief was promised.

The representation of American art at the International Art Exhibition at Munich last year was also due principally to the club, whose ever-watchful and untiring president and secretary took it upon themselves to enlist the co-operation of their brother artists at home and abroad, Mr. Koehler deciding on a visit to his home, to which he had previously not expected to go for another year or two, in order to give the matter his personal attention.

There are at present about fifty American students in the Academy at Munich. They are acknowledged by the professors to be among the most industrious, and at the close of every school year, when medals for the best works are awarded, Americans are always among those carrying off the highest honors. At a recent competition for composition pupils, Carl Marr, from Milwaukee, was awarded the first prize, his only rival being a young Bavarian. In landscape studies strong work has been done by young Eichelberger, and the water-colors by Charles

Mente, with their unmistakable influence of refined Corot and bold Currier, without being imitations of either, give promise of important work to come.

Walter McEwen's rather remarkable performance of leaping from the deep, sombre tones he formerly indulged in to the cool grays of his present palette, promises good results for the future; at present he stands somewhat isolated in Munich, though his endeavors are appreciated by some of the younger Munich artists. Time will show what merit there may be in the painstaking studies of Robert Koehler and Richard Gross, who are at present under the immediate influence of Defregger. The former last year exhibited at the National Academy of Design an interesting picture called "Her Only Support;" it showed a poor woman submitting a broken attachment of her sewing machine to the critical inspection of the village blacksmith.

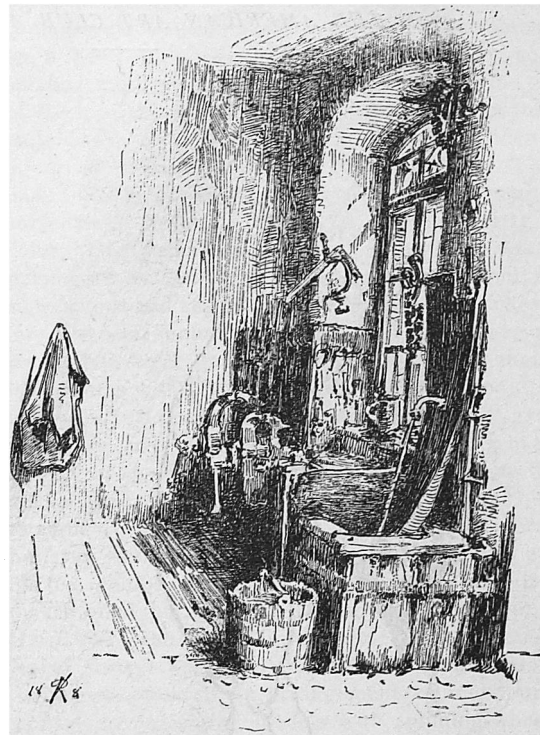
Closely allied in feeling and interest to the Americans are our brethren of English birth. They are in many respects so closely identified that they have really become one colony, dining and wining together on Thanksgiving Day, and indulging in patriotic speeches on the Fourth of July. Other nationalities too are represented among the members of the club, some drawn there for the purpose of practising their English, others by real sympathetic feeling.

No sooner has the year's work closed with the customary exhibition, than the American colony begins to scatter, seeking rest and recreation and new work in the country. Schleissheim has been for two or three years the principal place of attraction, as before that it was Polling, the old monastery at which still bears the marks of the "American Academy," as it once flourished under Duveneck and Currier, and where that style of painting was developed which has become known as the "Munich school."

To some Dachau offers desirable sketching ground, and some go to the Bavarian mountains, to the Tyrol, and to Italy, while now and then one or another takes a northward flight, to the cool gray skies of the coast of Holland. At the opening of the Academy, about the middle of October, the wanderers return to Munich, their portfolios filled with sketches, their hands and faces tanned, their minds and bodies fresh and robust, equipped for the long winter campaign in the crowded studios. Every year some of the old familiar faces disappear and new ones fill their places.

A GERMAN CRITIC ON AMERICAN ART.

EXTENDED notice of the American pictures in the International Art Exhibition at Munich last year has already appeared in these columns. Nevertheless, the following extract from the distinguished Professor Fr. Pecht's review of the exhibition, in the *Allge-*



STUDY BY R. KOEHLER.

(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

meine Zeitung, will, even at this late date, be found full of interest and valuable suggestion:

I now come to American art—that is so far as we can talk of an American art, and not merely of American painters who have studied in Munich, Paris, Rome, and belong to the schools of those places. That these American artists could send in contributions so respectable in numbers and quality, is, how-

ever, a fact deserving, at all events, of attention, and nothing is more certain than that they will shortly form a very considerable competition to ourselves. That this is not the case yet, is owing only to the circumstance that these American pictures acquaint one with everything under the sun excepting American life itself, the peculiarities of which would, naturally, interest one most. Out of a couple of hundreds of can-



CLUB DECORATION BY J. F. CURRIER. DRAWN BY C. M. MOORE.

(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

Among the sketches by members of the Club illustrating this notice is one by Toby Rosenthal, which will, I think, revive among old Munich students of the colony pleasant recollections of a well-known model whose features may be recognized in more than one painting of more than one American artist who has since won distinction at home.

MUNICH.

HEPHÆSTUS.

vases collected in these rooms, scarcely a dozen treat subjects taken from the nature or people of the great trans-atlantic republic. Therein this art radically differs from that of all other nations, a fact the more striking as popular life and especially nature in the United States manifestly offer an immense mass of the finest material. Just think of the life of the pioneers in the West; of the gold-diggers, miners,

trappers; of the collisions with the Indians, Mexicans, Chinese, negroes; of the maritime life of this most restless of nations! While the fiction-writers, from Cooper down to Bret Harte, have already worked this rich material in all directions, and excellently well, it still remains to the painters an untouched treasure, and an American Knaus or Defregger would be sure of immortality.

All this strikes one at first very unpleasantly, and, added to the technique imitated from all possible European schools and tendencies, with scarcely ever a spark of originality, gives one the impression that all these pictures have no definite character at all, unless it be the effort not only to copy all European crazes, but to improve on them by the super-addition of trans-atlantic extravagance. Yet this is only apparently so. A closer examination soon shows far more points of departure toward the reproduction of national life, even toward a distinctively American art, than one would think on a first inspection. There is, indeed, as little promise of individual forms and expressions as North America has a language of its own, but plenty of healthy, if not very thoroughly trained or restrained, talent. So I venture to prophesy that in twenty years from now there will be quite as much of a national American art as there is already of an American literature. Not, however, if they are irrational enough to strive to shut out by prohibitory tariffs the works of art of other nations, while these foreign works of art alone can educate the taste of native artists, and, still more, that of the American public, which stands in far greater need of training, if it is to exercise a beneficent influence on the artists, instead of a hurtful one, as it does now. If national art production could be gradually substituted almost wholly for foreign production in Germany, a country so fond of all that is foreign, without protective tariffs, simply because our artists learned to reproduce our own nature and history, our own views and modes of feeling, in forms that were noble and attractive if not always classically perfect, the same result must be achieved a great deal more easily in America with the help of the strong national spirit of the Americans. And when people still have much to learn, it seems rather absurd to slam the door in the schoolmaster's face.

That the Americans are still in this case there can be no doubt; the great fault of most of their pictures,

produced in their own country, is that the artists undertook to fly before they had learned to walk. Moreover, they seem very quickly to unlearn over there what they had learned on this side of the ocean, because they are not under the control of a public taste formed by great art collections, as is the case in France or Germany. The consequence is that it is just the more talented American artists who are to be found lingering in Munich, Paris, or Rome, however unwholesome such an existence is, when long con-

whole, with its deep shadows and the flaring, flickering light, the figure of the unhappy girl herself is the greatest success. Her great loveliness enhances the pity we feel for this victim of religious severity, which is most appropriately personated in the blind abbot, hardened to stone, who occupies the judgment-seat, as well as in the two prioresses, the youngest of whom, indeed, shows at least some symptoms of commiseration. The accuser, who tears the cloak from her shoulders, and the muffled executioners, who are

the next moment to wall her up in the niche which stands open for the purpose, deepen our horror by their fiendish looks. The artist, born in San Francisco from German parents, has taken a great step toward real originality by this new creation, the style of which he has admirably suited to the subject, and done brilliant credit to his countrymen. There is not one of them who strives so intelligently, perseveringly, and successfully toward perfection who is so far removed from that affectation of genius which strikes the beholder at the first glance and disgusts him at the second, or, at most, imposes on the admiration of backwoodsmen—a quality too often found in pictures produced in America.

David Neal, in his "Cromwell Listening to Milton Playing on the Organ," also betrays the same indefatigable striving, but tries to conceal it. He shows in this picture something even more distinctively American than Rosenthal, if only for the reason that the hero, being a "self-made man," lies much more within the range of American conception. Next to the successful rendering both of Cromwell and Milton, the clever coloring should be pointed out, and it only remains to wish that the artist might try his talent at some subject from American history, such as the War of Independence or the adventures of the first immigrants would yield

him in abundance and of the best.

The same picturesque talent, combined with much dramatic liveliness, also shows in Crone's "Judgment," held on a beggar lad, who was stealing apples in the smith's orchard, but is caught in the act by the smith's boy, and brought into the workshop for trial and condemnation. The little incident is told with much freshness and humor, only one could not possibly tell whether the smithy and its inhabitants are located in California or Upper Bavaria. No such doubt is possible with regard to Gross's picture,



"IN THE ITALIAN TYROL." DRAWN BY J. HARTWICH FROM HIS PAINTING.

(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

tinued. But was it not as unwholesome for Mengs, Karstens, Cornelius Overbeck, Rauch, and Führich to study in Rome forever? Yet without them there would be no national school in Germany even yet. Had not even a genius like Rubens to go to school to Italy first?

Among these more talented Americans Toby Rosenthal undoubtedly takes the lead. His "Condemnation of Constance Beverley," from Scott's "Marmion," is to a certainty the best picture in the American rooms. Next to the weird character of the

"Hans Sachs Reading his Poems to his Visitor, Albrecht Dürer," though it is a picture not only

of taste more questionable than pleasing. Is the cat we discover in the folds of the tapestry, playing with a mouse, to be understood as an emblem?

There is a full-length portrait, by Beckwith, of Chase himself, looking at you intently with coldly speculative eyes. Page has two portraits, otherwise good, but with as little play of light as though he had seen his models in the twilight. Very fine is Weir's portrait of Professor Weir, a splendid specimen of the genuine American old gentleman. What makes Mosler crown his still quite pretty lady with wilted bay leaves, or Caliga transform his into a perfect Moor by a light background, or Fuller take Greuze for his model of all things—are so many mysteries.

The cleverest of all these ladies' portraits, in fact altogether a most charming picture, is the lady, full-length, by Brandt, a small gem, which would be good enough for Netscher. Very comical is the impression produced by Rolshoven's portrait of a boy, in which the precocious independence of American juveniles looks out on you in such a droll, defiant way, that you cannot help laughing out loud at this pert young republican. An intellectual head, both handsome and interesting, is that of the Queen of Roumania, by Healy, who has painted the king also, but not quite as cleverly.

I now come to those genre pictures which represent scenes from distinctively American life and are therefore highly interesting. Among these the first place belongs to Caliga's "A Flaw in the Will." A splendidly genu-

the characters successfully worked out, but the effect of the whole is most pleasing and refined. "Distinctively American" and at the same time picturesque and full of charm is Johnson's "Corn Harvest,"



SKETCHES BY CHARLES MENTE.
(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

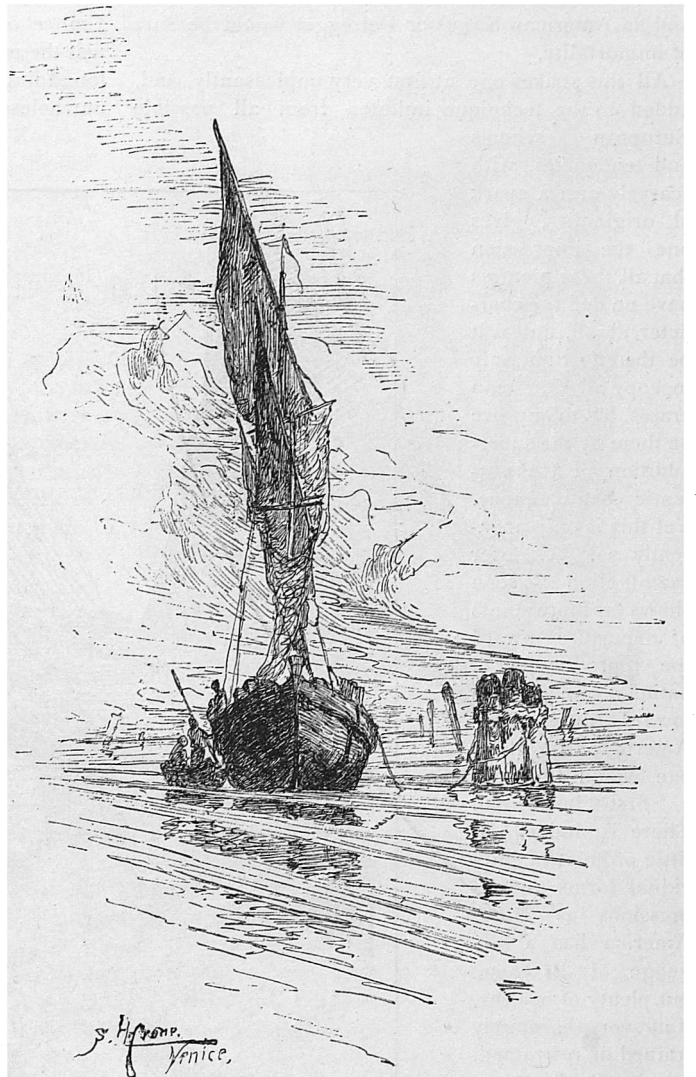
Painted in Munich, but invented there. Another fine conception and well carried out is Marr's "Ahasuerus," sitting by the corpse of a young girl, washed ashore in a tempest, and envying her the rest of death. There is great delicacy of feeling and more than commonly fine drawing in Pearce's young girl by the cradle of her sleeping little brother. This is a scene that could be enacted in every nursery in the world, and must be touching anywhere.

The transition to the distinctively American paintings is given by the numerous portraits. Here we first of all greet the gifted (but to our taste much too bizarre) full-blooded American, Chase. Here is his portrait of the painter Duveneck, treated with great freedom. The portrait of a girl in a Chinese dressing-gown, reading, is more interesting; but most characteristic is that of Miss ***, for she is as genuine an American as ever was, handsome moreover, and interesting also, though apparently gifted with more cleverness than feeling. The way in which she fixes her piercing look on you without herself betraying anything, puts you in mind of a sphinx. But that the artist uses this fascinating woman to bring before us the somewhat disagreeable experiment of contrasting yellow tapestry and yellow-er flowers in a flowerpot with a blue silk dress, as though herein lay the chief interest, is an exhibition



SKETCH BY CHARLES MENTE.
(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

ine Yankee lawyer explains "the flaw" to the handsome young widow who consults him. Not only are



SKETCH BY S. H. CRONE.
(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

where the reapers of both sexes sit on the ground in two opposite rows, freeing the ears from the husks. The whole thing is done charmingly and contains some exquisite "touches," proving irrefragably that there are interesting sides to American rural life as well as to ours, if one but has the eye to see them. With such an eye Brown is surely gifted, as appears from his most amusing picture, "The Train is Passing." This event has collected the entire juvenile population of two or three farms behind a hedge, whence they, boys and girls huddled together, look at the train whirling by, with excited, beaming faces. The single children are characterized rarely. Less unmistakably American, but better painted—also by Brown—is a troop of barefooted youngsters, sitting on a quay-wall, looking on expectantly at an angling comrade, at the solemn moment when he triumphantly hoists a small fish out of the water. Eakins's "Musical" also is amusing, where a youthful "Diva" sings an "aria" to the accompaniment of a violin performed on by a genuine Yankee with a gravity which awakens serious doubts as to his musical ability.

As the pictures we just reviewed nearly all bear the unmistakable stamp of the Munich school, one may draw the almost certain conclusion that this school influences Americans more favorably than any other, if only they do not forget in New York all they ever learned with us, as did the once promising Shirlaw, to judge from his "Gossiping," a mere impressionist mess. Then there is Low, who shows more good-

will than talent in bringing before us native "lynch-justice," in his "Captain Ireson," tarred and feathered by women and driven and hooted out of the city by the rabble, for having refused assistance to a vessel in distress. Really touching, on the contrary, is Turner's widow returning from the cemetery, where she has been dreaming herself back into "Past Days." We also wish success to Irwin's "Art Amateurs," to Maynard's pretty "Banjo-player," and Homer's sleeping "Army Transport Convoy;" lastly to Lippincott's boys merrily bathing in a mountain stream at the bottom of a rocky ravine. All these canvases show that American life has truly no scarcity of picturesque "motives."

Among the landscapes, too, the American ones are decidedly the most interesting. We will mention

GEORGE F. WETHERBEE, son of the well-known musician and teacher, J. Q. Wetherbee, of Boston, is making his mark in England. Last year, when a vacancy occurred in the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, he was elected a member, entirely without influence other than the merit of his pictures then hanging upon the society's walls. His subjects are principally taken from English rustic life, and he dwells with special lovingness upon the poetic dimness and half-mystery of late sunsets and deepening twilights. He paints from nature in Berkshire, and his models are not professional ones, but the real rustics who hoe among the turnips and labor among the corn. He had four pictures in the late exhibition at the Dowdeswell Gallery, which formed quite an epitome of his art, showing both its strength and its

sional group of harvesters returning from the fields at sunset. The forms are crisp and clear, the contrasted sunlight and shadow extremely vigorous and effective; there is a certain precision of workmanship in the ensemble which is, however, the precision of poetry as opposed to that of prose; though the shadows are advancing a morning blitheness is expressed in the steps which seem to spring, of both men and women, and the whole canvas seems to sing.

"NEVER buy a copy of a picture," says John Ruskin. "All copies are bad, because no painter who is worth a straw ever will copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes, for his own use, in his own way, but he won't and can't copy; and whenever you buy a copy, you buy so much misunderstanding of the



"COMING, SIR!" STUDY BY TOBY E. ROSENTHAL.

(THE AMERICAN ART CLUB AT MUNICH.)

Twachtman's "Winter," Murphy's "Evening," Chase's "Mariner," Miller's very original "Moonshine on the Hudson" and "Niagara Falls," Wyant's "Thunderstorm," Tryon's "June Evening," Quartley's "Port of New York," Harrison's "Morning Mist," well felt, but too impressionistic. An exquisite conception is the group of fishermen mending their nets on the strand by Eakins, while Alexander's effective old-fashioned church is enlivened with a group of modern ladies. Bridgman's studies of Egypt and Arabia show great fineness of observation and cleverness in the execution. With them I will close this review of an exhibition, which not only actually yields more than it promised at first sight, but contains the promise of more and far better things in the future.

FR. PECHT.

weakness. The latter is an occasional exaggeration of flesh tints into almost an Indian copperiness, and an occasional want of nature's misty golden shimmer, and spaciness in his masses of corn. "Overburdened" is a picture of a toil-worn, delicate young mother, with one babe pressed to her bosom, another clinging to her knees, while she struggles with a heavy bundle of fagots through the snow. The pathetic head is relieved against a cold sunset sky, a whole drama of sorrow in its soft, subtle, yet significant lines. The canvas looks French in breadth of treatment and melting gradations of color, and the tone is as un-English as a Jules Breton. Another of Mr. Wetherbee's canvases, called "Man Goeth Forth to his Work and to his Labor until the Evening," is a perfect antithesis to "Overburdened." It is a proces-

original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes, and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them." He adds, however: "I do not mean that copies should never be made; a certain number of dull persons should always be employed in making the most accurate copies possible of all good pictures; these copies, though artistically valueless, would be historically and documentarily valuable in the event of the destruction of the original picture. Studies made by great artists for their own use should be sought after with the greatest eagerness, and engravings are often serviceable and valuable."